

THE
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S E R M O N III.

On 2 THESSALONIANS^s ii. 7.

[Concluded from page 105.]

21. **S**UCH is the authentic account of the mystery of iniquity, working even in the apostolic churches! An account given, not by the Jews or Heathens, but by the apostles themselves. To this we may add the account which is given by the Head and Founder of the church: Him *who holds the stars in his right hand, who is the faithful and true witness*. We may easily infer what was the state of the church in general, from the state of the seven churches in *Asia*. One of these indeed, the church of *Philadelphia*, had kept his word, and had not denied his name, Rev. iii. 8. The church of *Smyrna* was likewise in a flourishing state; but all the rest were corrupted more or less. Inasmuch that several of them were not a jot better than the present race of christians: and our Lord then threatened, what he has long since performed, to *remove the candlestick* from them.

22. Such was the real state of the christian church, even during the first century. While not only St. *John*, but most of the apostles were present with, and presided over, it. But what a mystery is this? That the All-wise, the All-gracious, the Almighty, should suffer it so to be! Not in one only, but, as far as we can learn, in every christian society, those of *Smyrna* and *Philadel-*

phia excepted. And how came these to be excepted? Why were these less corrupted (to go no farther) than the other churches of *Asia*? It seems, because they were less wealthy. The christians in *Philadelphia* were not literally *increased in goods*, like those in *Ephesus* or *Laodicea*: and if the christians at *Smyrna* had acquired more wealth, it was swept away by persecution. So that these having less of this world's goods, retained more of the simplicity and purity of the gospel.

23. But how contrary is this scriptural account of the ancient christians, to the ordinary apprehensions of men! We have been apt to imagine, that the primitive church was all excellence and perfection! Answerable to that strong description, which *St. Peter* cites from *Moses*: *Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people*. And such without all doubt, the first christian church, which commenced at the day of Pentecost, was. But how soon did the fine gold become dim? How soon was the wine mixed with water? How little time elapsed, before the god of this world so far regained his empire, that christians, in general, were scarce distinguishable from heathens, save by their opinions and modes of worship?

24. And if the state of the church in the very first century was so bad, we cannot suppose it was any better in the second: undoubtedly it grew worse and worse. *Tertullian*, one of the most eminent christians of that age, has given us an account of it in various parts of his writings: whence we learn, that real, internal religion was hardly found: nay, that not only the *tempers* of the christians were exactly the same with those of their heathen neighbours (pride, passion, love of the world reigning alike in both) but their lives and manners also. The bearing a faithful testimony against the general corruption of christians, seems to have raised the outcry against *Montanus*; and against *Tertullian* himself, when he was convinced, that the testimony of *Montanus* was true. As to the heresies fathered upon *Montanus*, it is not easy to find what they were.

I believe his grand heresy was, the maintaining that *without inward and outward holiness no man shall see the Lord.*

25. *Cyprian*, bishop of *Carthage*, in every respect an unexceptionable witness, who flourished about the middle of the third century, has left us abundance of letters, in which he gives a large and particular account of the state of religion in his time. In reading this, one would be apt to imagine, he was reading an account of the present century: so totally void of true religion were the generality both of laity and clergy: so immersed in ambition, envy, covetousness, luxury, and all other vices, that the christians of *Afric* were then exactly the same as the christians of *England* are now;

26. It is true, that during this whole period, during the first three centuries, there were intermixed longer or shorter seasons, wherein true christianity revived. In those seasons the justice and mercy of God, let loose the heathens upon the christians. Many of these were then called to resist unto blood. And the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. The apostolical spirit returned: and many counted not their lives dear unto themselves, so they might finish their course with joy. Many others were reduced to a happy poverty: and being stript of what they had loved too well, they remembered from whence they were fallen, and repented, and did their first works.

27. Persecution never did, never could give any lasting wound to genuine christianity. But the greatest it ever received, the grand blow which was struck at the very root of that humble, gentle, patient love, which is the fulfilling of the christian law, the whole essence of true religion, was struck in the fourth century by *Constantine* the Great, when he called himself a christian, and poured in a flood of riches, honours, and power upon the christians, more especially upon the clergy. Then was fulfilled in the christian church what *Sallust* says of the people of *Rome*. *Sublatâ imperiî æmulâ non sensim sed præcipiti cursu, à virtutibus desc-*

tum, ad vitia transcursum. Just so, when the fear of persecution was removed, and wealth and honour attended the christian profession, the christians did not gradually sink, but rushed headlong into all manner of vices. Then the mystery of iniquity was no more hid, but stalked abroad in the face of the sun. Then, not the golden, but the iron age of the church commenced: Then one might truly say,

Protinus irrupit venæ peioris in ævum
Omne nefas; fugere pudor, verumq; fidesq;
In quorum subière locum fraudesq; dolique,
Insidiæque, & vis, & amor sceleratus habendi.

At once, in that unhappy age, broke in
All wickedness and ev'ry deadly sin:
Truth, modesty, and love fled far away,
And force and thirst of gold claim'd universal sway.

28. And this is the event, which most christian expositors mention with such triumph! Yea, which some of them suppose to be typified in the Revelation, by *the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven!* Rather say, it was the coming of satan and all his legions from the bottomless pit: seeing from that very time he hath set up his throne over the face of the whole earth, and reigned over the christian as well as the pagan world, with hardly any controul. Historians indeed tell us very gravely, of nations in every century, who were by such and such (*saints* without doubt!) converted to christianity. But still these converts practised all kind of abominations, exactly as they did before: no way differing either in their tempers or in their lives from the nations that were still called heathens. Such has been the deplorable state of the christian church, from the time of *Constantine* till the reformation. A christian nation, a christian city (according to the scriptural mode) was no where to be seen; but every city and country, a few individuals excepted, was plunged in all manner of wickedness.

29. Has the case been altered since the reformation? Does the mystery of iniquity no longer work in the church? No, the reformation itself has not extended to above one third even of the western church. So that two thirds of this remain as they were: so do the eastern, southern, and northern churches. They are as full of heathenish, or worse than heathenish abominations as ever they were before. And what is the condition of the reformed churches? It is certain that they were reformed in their opinions, as well as their modes of worship. But is not this all? Were either their tempers or lives reformed? Not at all. Indeed many of the reformers themselves complained, that "The reformation was not carried far enough." But what did they mean? Why, that they did not sufficiently reform the *rites and ceremonies* of the church! ye fools and blind! To fix your whole attention on the circumstantialia of religion! Your complaint ought to have been, The essentials of religion were not carried far enough. You ought vehemently to have insisted, on an entire change of men's *tempers and lives*: on their shewing, they had *the mind that was in Christ*, by *walking as he also walked*. Without this how exquisitely trifling was the reformation of opinions and rites and ceremonies? Now let any one survey the state of christianity in the reformed parts of *Switzerland*. In *Germany* or *France*. In *Sweden*, *Denmark*, *Holland*. In *Great Britain* and *Ireland*. How little are any of these reformed christians, better than heathen nations? Have they more (I will not say, communion with God, although there is no christianity without it) but have they more justice, mercy or truth, than the inhabitants of *China*, or *Indostan*? O no! We must acknowledge with sorrow and shame, that we are far beneath them!

That we, who by thy name are nam'd,
The heathens unbaptiz'd out-gin!

30. Is not this the *falling away* or *apostasy* from God, foretold by St. *Paul* in his second epistle to the Thess-

alonians? (chap. ii. ver. 3.) Indeed I would not dare to say, with *George Fox*, that this apostasy was universal: that there never were any real christians in the world, from the days of the apostles till his time. But we may boldly say, that wherever christianity has spread, the apostasy has spread also. Inasmuch that although there are now, and always have been, individuals, who were real christians, yet the whole world never did, nor can at this day, shew a christian country or city.

31. I would now refer it to every man of reflection, who believes the scriptures to be of God, whether this general apostasy does not imply the necessity of a general reformation? Without allowing this, how can we possibly justify either the wisdom or goodness of God? According to scripture, the christian religion was designed for *the healing of the nations*; for the saving from sin, by means of the second Adam, all that were *constituted sinners* by the first. But it does not answer this end: it never did, unless for a short time at *Jerusalem*. What can we say, but that if it *has not yet*, it surely *will* answer it. The time is coming, when not only *all Israel shall be saved, but the fulness of the Gentiles will come in*. The time cometh, when *violence shall no more be heard in the earth, wasting or destruction within our borders*; but every city shall call her walls *salvation*, and her gates *praise*: when the people, saith the Lord, *shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land for ever; the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified*, *Isaiah lx. 18. 21.*

32. From the preceding considerations we may learn the full answer to one of the grand objections of infidels against christianity, namely, *The lives of christians*. Of christians, do you say? I doubt whether you ever knew a *christian* in your life. When *Tomo Chachi*, the Indian chief keenly replied, to those who spoke to him of being a christian, “*Why there are christians at Savannah! There are christians at Frederica!*” The proper answer was, “*No, they are not: they are no more christians than you and Sinauky.*” “*But are not these christians*

in *Canterbury*, in *London*, in *Westminster*?" No, no more than they are angels. None are christians, but they that have the mind which was in Christ, and walk as he walked. "Why, if these only are christians, said an eminent wit, I never saw a christian yet." I believe it: you never did. And perhaps you never will. For you will never find them in the grand or the gay world. The few christians that are upon earth are only to be found, where *you* never look for them. Never therefore urge this objection more; never object to christianity the lives or tempers of heathens. Though they are *called* christians, the name does not imply the thing: they are as far from this as hell from heaven.

33. We may learn from hence, Secondly, the extent of the fall, the astonishing spread of original corruption. What, among so many thousands, so many millions, is there none righteous, no, not one? Not by nature. But including the grace of God, I will not say with the heathen poet,

Rari quippe boni, numero vix totidem quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.

As if he had allowed too much, in supposing there were a hundred good men in the Roman empire, he comes to himself and affirms, there are hardly seven. Nay, surely there were seven thousand? There were so many long ago in one small nation, were *Elijah* supposed there were none at all. But allowing a few exceptions, we are authorized to say, *The whole world lieth in wickedness*: yea, in the wicked one (as the words properly signify) "Yes, the whole heathen world." Yea, and the christian too (so called). For where is the difference, save in a few externals? See with your own eyes. Look into that large country, *Indostan*. There are christians and heathens too. Which have more justice, mercy, and truth? The christians or the heathens? Which are most corrupt, infernal, devilish in their tempers and practice? The *English* or the *Indians*? Which have desolated whole countries, and clogged the rivers with dead bodies?

O sacred name of christian! how profan'd!

O earth, earth, earth! how dost thou groan under the villanies of thy *christian* inhabitants!

34. From many of the preceding circumstances we may learn, Thirdly, what is the genuine tendency of riches; what a baleful influence they have had in all ages, upon pure and undefiled religion. Not that money is an evil of itself: it is applicable to good as well as bad purposes. But, nevertheless, it is an undoubted truth, That the *love of money is the root of all evil*: and also that the possession of riches naturally breeds the love of them. Accordingly it is an old remark,

Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

“As money increases, so does the love of it,” and always will without a miracle of grace. Although therefore other causes may concur, yet this has been in all ages the principal cause of the decay of true religion in every christian community. As long as the christians in any place were poor, they were devoted to God. While they had little of the world, they did not love the world: but the more they had of it, the more they loved it. This constrained the Lover of their souls, at various times to unchain their persecutors, who by reducing them to their former poverty, reduced them to their former purity. But still remember, riches have in all ages been the bane of genuine christianity.

35. We may learn hence, Fourthly, how great watchfulness they need, who desire to be real christians, considering what a state the world is in! May not each of them well say,

“Into a world of russians sent,
I walk on hostile ground:
Wild human bears on slaughter bent,
And rav’ning wolves surround.”

They are the more dangerous, because they commonly appear in sheep’s clothing. Even those who do not pre-

tend to religion, yet make fair professions of good-will, of readiness to serve us, and perhaps of truth and honesty. But beware of taking their word. Trust not any man, until he fears God. It is a great truth,

“He that fears no God, can love no friend!”

Therefore stand upon your guard against every one that is not earnestly seeking to save his soul. We have need to keep both our heart and mouth as *with a bridle, while the ungodly are in our sight*. Their conversation, their spirit is infectious, and steals upon us unawares, we know not how. *Happy is the man that searcheth always in this sense also, lest he should partake of other men's sins! O keep thyself pure! Watch and pray, that thou enter not into temptation!*

36. We may learn from hence, lastly, what thankfulness becomes those, who have escaped the corruption that is in the world, whom God hath chosen out of the world, to be holy and unblameable. *Who is it that maketh thee to differ? And what hast thou which thou hast not received? Is it not God alone who worketh in thee both to will and to do of his good pleasure? And let those give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed and delivered from the hand of the enemy.* Let us praise him, that he hath given us to see the deplorable state of all that are round about us: to see the wickedness which overflows the earth, and yet not be borne away by the torrent! We see the general, the almost universal contagion; and yet it cannot approach to hurt us! Thanks be unto Him *who hath delivered us from so great a death, and doth still deliver!* And have we not farther ground for thankfulness, yea, and strong consolation, in the blessed hope which God hath given us, that the time is at hand, when righteousness shall be as universal as unrighteousness is now? Allowing that *the whole creation now groaneth together*, under the sin of man; our comfort is, it will not always groan: God will arise and maintain his own cause. And the whole creation shall

then be delivered both from moral and natural corruption. Sin, and its consequence, pain, shall be no more: holiness and happiness will cover the earth. Then shall the ends of the world see the salvation of our God. And the whole race of mankind shall know and love and serve God, and reign with him for ever and ever!



A short Account of Mr. SAMPSON STANIFORTH; in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. WESLEY.

[Continued from page 117.]

AS soon as I had opportunity to speak to my dear companion, he told me it had been a happy day to him. He had received two musket-balls: but one struck him on the right thigh, and hit on two seven-penny pieces that were in his pocket (they are of a mixed metal, about the size of half a crown:) it appeared to him as if he had received a blow with a stick. The other struck him on his left side pocket, upon a clasped knife, and bent the blade, and loosened it in the handle. So that we may well say,

“Go and return secure from death,
Till God command thee home.”

I had ate nothing that day, but a little brown bread, and drank only a little water. But I was very thankful, as if I had received it immediately from the hands of God.

We marched all that night and the next day, and more and more of our scattered army overtook us; but many lay down on the ground, and could go no farther. Glory be to God, he gave me constant peace, and strength to keep with the main body, being always one of the first, till we encamped at *Lessings*. We then began to inquire, who of our society was gone home?

We missed many out of our regiment. One was saying "O how happy I am!" And just as he spoke, a cannon-shot came and took off his head. We lost four preachers, and many of the society. But my dear companion, with the other brethren in the regiment, were still as the heart of one man. Such was the religion of the soldiers at this time, before any of them were corrupted by new opinions! I then thought, This state of life is the only one, to love and serve God in: I would not change it for any other under the sun, upon any consideration whatever. How did this sweeten all the fatigues, and hardships, and dangers I had to go through! Glory be to God, I rejoiced in them all. Meantime I was continually exhorting sinners to repent. And they would bear it now, as the *French* were so near us, and we knew not how soon they would fall upon us. The whole army was drawn up in order of battle, expecting to be attacked by them every day. But instead of this they pushed forward and took *Ghent*, and afterwards all *Flanders*, as far as *Ostend*.

About this time the lieutenant and chymaster of our regiment sent for me, and said, "My servant was killed at *Fountenoi*, and I intend to take *you* in his place." As he had always been particularly kind to me, I knew not what to do. It was not a command, but a favour offered, which he left to my choice. I earnestly prayed to God for direction. I then returned him my sincerest thanks for his kind offer: but said, "I could not accept of it." He looked earnestly at me, and said, "Pray, what are your reasons for refusing it?" I answered, "Sir, the first is, I could not have time to attend preaching, and meet with my christian friends: the second, I should be obliged to do on the Lord's day what would give me pain, and displease God." He replied, "I like you the better for being so honest. Go your way. I will be your friend."

A short time after, there came an order for "ten men out of our regiment, to go to the train, and learn the exercise of the great guns, to supply the place of those

that were killed at *Fountenoi*: but active, sober men, and such as could be depended on." The corporal came and said, "Get yourself ready: for you must leave the regiment and go to the artillery." I was sorry to leave my brethren, but could not in conscience disobey a lawful command. My brethren also were sorry; but we encouraged each other, that we should not be far from one another. So we prayed, and parted. My pay was now near double to what it was before. And I had two of the society with me, brother *Hammond* and *Hodges*; both much alive to God. I was kept in constant peace, a thirst for God, and longing for more of his image. As often as I could, I went to see my dear brethren: and we always prayed and praised God together. And even the rest of the company were glad to see me: for I have frequently remarked, there is a kind of affection in the army toward one another, which is hardly to be found elsewhere.

I had not been many weeks in my new employ, when we heard there was a rising in *Scotland*; and that the rebels had defeated the king's army, at *Preston-pans*, near *Edinburgh*. And orders came, that the greatest part of the *English* army, should march directly for *England*. I was sent back to my own regiment. We made forced marches, and the transports being ready at *Helvoetsluys*, we soon came within sight of land. In all these movements I found no decay of inward life. I knew it was my duty to obey my superiors, and God made it my pleasure. He was always before me in every place; and I could boldly testify,

"Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heav'n."

Our regiment and two more, landed at *Gravesend*, when we marched on and encamped at *Deptford* heath, in the latter end of October, 1745. The next Lord's-day, we of the society went to *Bexley* church. We lay at *Bexley* three or four weeks, and constantly attended

on Mr. *Pier's* ministry, and there we received a larger account of *you*; O how did I then long to see you! Thence we marched to *Deptford*. When we were drawn up there in the *Broadway*, *William Giles* came and invited us to his house, where we spent the evening in singing and prayer, and my soul was much refreshed. My mind was still kept in perfect peace. It was nothing to me where I was, at home or abroad, in the field, or in the church, marching, or sitting in the closet. We made long marches from hence, hearing that the rebels were marching swiftly southward. Wherever we were, I inquired if there were any Methodists, that we might sing and pray together. The army was assembled when we came to *Stafford*; and we were ordered to be ready at a minute's warning. We had not been here many hours, when at ten o'clock, in a cold, frosty night about the middle of December, the drum beat to arms. We were drawn up in order of battle, and marched on, our spies informing us, that in two hours we should meet the rebels. We had then orders to load our pieces, and to be ready at the word of command.

We marched on, and the morning came on. The rebels now hearing of us, turned off for *Derby* road, thinking, it seems, to pass us and get to *London*. By this time we had got to *Stone*, where we learned, they were returning northward. On this the main army was ordered to pursue them, and some regiments to march back to *London*, lest they should give us the slip. Our regiment was one of these. We were to lie in the towns and villages near *London*. I had a great desire to lie at *Greenwich* or *Deptford*. We made long marches; and when we were near *London*, orders came that our regiment should be quartered at *Greenwich* and *Deptford*. I was glad though I knew not why: for I had no knowledge either of the place or the people. On Christmas-eve we came to the place, and I was quartered in the next public-house, which is the very house where I now live.

On Christmas-day we went to church, and spent the evening at brother *Giles'*, in singing and prayer. We lay here till April 1746, but had orders, not to go above a mile from our quarters. Hearing these orders read, I went to the commanding officer, who said, "Well, *Sampson*, what do you want?" I said "Leave, Sir, if you please for two or three of us to go to *London*, twice or thrice a week." He said, "For what?" I answered "To hear preaching." What, said he, "cannot you go to church?" I said, "Yes Sir, and I count it both my duty and privilege so to do. But I am much united in affection to the Rev. Mr. *Wesley*, and I want to see and hear him, and to be joined with him and his people." He looked at me, and said, "Well, thou art the same honest man as before." He immediately wrote an order for me and one or two more to pass to and from *London*, as often as we pleased. He added, that he knew Mr. *Wesley*, and was glad I had made so good a choice. When not on duty, we also met twice a day in the old room at *Deptford*, to read the scriptures, and to pray and praise God. At this time I had no thought of preaching, though my dear companion often told me, "God would call me to it before I died."

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS ON THE WRITINGS
OF

BARON SWEDENBORG.

By the Rev. John Wesley.

[*Continued from page 123.*]

12. **L**ET us now inquire, what is the Baron's own belief, concerning the Trinity.

Of the Lord, the Redeemer.

"The Lord received his soul from Jehovah, and the divinity of the Father was the Lord's soul."

“The humanity whereby God sent himself into the world was the Son of God.”

“The passion of the cross was the final temptation which the Lord endured as the grand prophet. And it was the means of the glorification of his humanity: that is, of its union with the divinity of the Father.”

No. There is not a word in all the bible, concerning any such union of the humanity of Christ, with the divinity of the Father, he was then glorified, when he was received again into the glory which he had before the world began.

13. What then is redemption?

“Bringing the hells under subjection, and reducing the heavens into order. God’s omnipotence in accomplishing this work, was an effect of his humanity.” Strange indeed! “It is now believed, that his passion on the cross was the very act of his redemption. No: the act of his redemption consisted in this, that he accomplished the last judgment, which was executed in the spiritual world, and then separated the sheep from the goats, and drove out of heaven those that were united to the dragon. He then formed a new heaven of such as were found worthy, and a new hell of such as were found unworthy, and by degrees reduced all things in each place to order. By these acts he united himself to the Father, and the Father himself to him.”

“The Lord is now accomplishing redemption, that is, subduing the hells, and bringing the heavens into order, which was begun in the year 1757, together with the last judgment executed at the same time.”

What heaps of absurdity are here! Only fit to have a place in Orlando Furioso.

Redemption is “bringing the hells into subjection.” When were they not in subjection to the Almighty? “And reducing the heavens into order.” When was heaven, the abode of angels, out of order? “God’s omnipotence was an effect of his humanity.” Blasphemy joined with consummate nonsense. “He *by degrees* reduced them to order.” By degrees? No: a word, a

nod from Jehovah was sufficient. "By these acts he united himself to the Father." Blasphemous nonsense again. "The last judgment was executed in the year 1757." This is the top of all the Baron's discourses!

"It was once granted me to speak to the mother Mary. She appeared in heaven just over my head, and said, She was the mother of the Lord, as he was borne of her: but that *when he was made God*, he put off all the humanity he had from her. And therefore she is unwilling any should call him *her son*, because in him all is divine."

In all this jumble of dissonant notions, there is not one that is supported by any scripture, taken in its plain, obvious meaning. And most of them are as contrary to scripture as to common sense.

14. But here follows as curious an assertion as any. "Christ redeemed the angels as well as men. The angels could not have stood (mark the proof!) unless the Lord had wrought this redemption, because the whole angelic heaven with the church on earth is as a single man, whose internal is the angelic heaven, and whose external is the church. To be more particular; the highest heaven is the head; the second and lowest heaven are the breast and middle region of the body. The church on earth is the loins and the feet: the Lord is the soul of the whole man. Wherefore unless the Lord had effected redemption, this whole man must have been destroyed. The feet and loins must have perished, by the defection of the lowest heaven: the region of the breast, by the defection of the second heaven. And then the head, being left without a body, must of necessity have fallen to decay."

Surely such an argument has not often been seen! But it is full as good as the conclusion drawn from it: which is utterly inconsistent with the declaration of St. Paul, *He took not upon himself the nature of angels*, in order to redeem them, but only that of man, in order to redeem lost mankind.

[To be continued.]

*An Extract from A SURVEY of the WISDOM of GOD in
the CREATION.*

[Continued from page 128.]

THE *skin*, like a curious surlout, covers the whole, formed of the most delicate net-work, whose meshes are minute, and whose threads are multiplied, even to a prodigy: the meshes are so minute, that nothing passes them, which is discernible by the eye; though they discharge every moment myriads and myriads of superfluous incumbrances. The threads are so multiplied, that neither the point of the smallest needle, nor the infinitely finer lance of a gnat, can pierce any part, without drawing blood, and causing an uneasy sensation. Consequently, without wounding, by so small a puncture, both a nerve and a vein!

But a course of incessant action must exhaust the solids and waste the fluids, and unless both are properly recruited, in a short time destroy the machine. For this reason it is furnished with the *organs*, and endued with the *powers of nutrition*: *Teeth*, the foremost, thin and sharp, to bite asunder the food: the hindmost, broad and strong, indented with small cavities, the better to grind in pieces what is transmitted to them. But in children, the formation of teeth is postponed till they have occasion for them.

Were the teeth like other bones, covered with the periosteum, chewing would give much pain. Were they quite naked, they would soon decay and perish. To guard against both, they are overlaid with a neat *enamel*, harder than the bone itself, which gives no pain in chewing, and yet secures them from various injuries.

The *Lips* prevent the food from slipping out of the mouth, and assisted by the tongue, return it to the grinders. While they do this in concert with the cheeks they squeeze a thin liquor from the adjacent glands. This moistens the food and prepares it for digestion.

When the mouth is inactive, these are nearly closed : but when we speak or eat, their moisture being then necessary, it is express as need requires.

But the food could not descend merely by its own weight through a narrow and clammy passage into the stomach. Therefore to effect this, muscles both *straight* and *circular* are provided. The former enlarge the cavity, and give an easy admittance. The latter, closing behind the descending aliment, press it downward. But before the food enters into the gullet, it must of necessity pass over the orifice of the windpipe : whence it is in danger of falling upon the lungs, which might occasion instant death. To obviate this, a *moveable lid* is placed, which when the smallest particle advances, is pulled down and shut close, but as soon as it is swallowed, is let loose and stands open. Thus the important pass is always made sure against any noxious approaches ; yet always left free for the air, and open for respiration.

The food descending into the stomach is not yet ready for the bowels. Therefore that great receiver is strong to bear, and proper to detain it, till it is wrought into the smoothest pulp imaginable. From hence it is discharged by a gentle force, and passes gradually into the intestines.

Near the entrance waits the *gall-bladder*, ready to pour its salutary juice upon the aliment, which dissolves any thing viscid, scours the intestines, and keeps all the fine apertures clear. This bag, as the stomach fills, is press'd thereby, and then only discharges its contents. It is also furnished with a valve of a very peculiar, namely, of a spiral form ; through which the deterfive liquid cannot hastily pour, but must gently ooze. Admirable construction ! Which, without any care of ours, gives the needful supply and no more.

The nutriment then pursues its way through the mazes of the *intestines* : which, by a worm-like motion, protrude it, and force its small particles into the *lacteal vessels*. These are a series of finest strainers, ranged in countless multitudes all along the sides of the winding

passage. Had this been straight or short, the food could not have resigned a sufficient quantity of its nourishing particles. Therefore it is artfully convolved and greatly extended, that whatever passes may be sifted thoroughly. As the aliment proceeds, it is more and more drained of its nutritious juices. In consequence of this, it would become hard, and pain the tender parts, but that glands are posted in proper places, to discharge a lubricating fluid. These are smaller and fewer near the stomach, because there the aliment is moist enough: whereas in the bowels remote from the stomach, they are either multiplied or enlarged.

The *chyle* drawn off by the lacteals is carried through millions of ducts, too fine even for the microscope to discover. To this it is owing, that nothing enters the blood, but what is capable of passing through the finest vessels. It is then lodged in several commodious cells (the glands of the *mesentery*) and there mixt with a thin diluting lymph, which makes it more apt to flow. Hence it is conveyed to the *common receptacle*, and mounts through a perpendicular tube into the left *sub-clavian vein*. This tube lies contiguous to the *great artery*, whose strong pulsation drives on the fluid, and enables it to ascend and unload its treasure, at the very door of the heart.

But the chyle is as yet in too crude a state, to be fit for the animal functions. Therefore it is thrown into the lungs. In the spongy cells of this amazing laboratory, it mixes with the external air, and its whole substance is made more smooth and uniform. Thus improved, it enters the left ventricle of the heart, a strong, active, indefatigable muscle. The large muscles of the arm or of the thigh are soon wearied: a day's labour, or a day's journey exhausts their strength. But the heart toils whole weeks, whole months, nay years, unwearied: is equally a stranger to intermission and fatigue. Impelled by this, part of the blood shoots upward to the head; part rolls through the whole body.

But how shall a stream divided into myriads of channels, be brought back to its source? Should any portion of it be unable to return, putrefaction, if not death, must ensue. Therefore the all-wise Creator has connected the extremities of the arteries with the beginning of the veins: so that the same force which darts the blood through the former, helps to drive it through the latter. Thus it is re-conducted to the great cistern, and there played off afresh.

Where two opposite currents would be in danger of clashing, where the streams, from the *vena cava* and *vena ascendens* coincide, a fibrous excrescence interposes, which, like a projecting pier, breaks the stroke of each, and throws both into their proper receptacle. Where the motion is to be speedy, the channels either forbear to wind (as in the great artery, which descends to the feet) or lessen in their dimensions, as in every interval between all the ramifications. When the progress is to be retarded, the tubes are variously convolved or their diameter contracted. Thus guarded, the living flood never discontinues its course, but night and day, whether we sleep or wake, still perseveres to run briskly through the arteries, and return softly through the veins.

But farther. The great Creator has made us an invaluable present of the senses, to be the inlets of innumerable pleasures, and the means of the most valuable advantages.

The *eye*, in its elevated station, commands the most enlarged prospects. Consisting only of fluids, inclosed within coats, it shews us all the graces and glories of nature. How wonderful, that an image of the hugest mountains, and the widest landscapes, should enter the small pupil! that the rays of light should paint on the optic nerve, paint in an instant of time, paint in their truest colours, and exactest lineaments, every species of external objects!

The *eye* is so tender, that the slightest touch might injure its delicate frame. It is guarded therefore with

peculiar care, intrenched deep, and barricaded round with bones. As the smallest fly might incommode its polished surface, it is farther protected by two substantial *curtains*. In sleep, when there is no occasion for the sense, but a necessity to guard the organ, these curtains close of their own accord. At any time they fly together as quick as thought. They are lined with an extreme fine sponge, moist with its own dew. Its bristly palisades keep out the least mote, and moderate the too strong impressions of the light.

As in our waking hours we have almost incessant need for these little orbs, they run upon the finest castors, rolling every way with the utmost ease: which circumstance, added to the flexibility of the neck, renders our two eyes as useful as a thousand.

[*To be continued.*]

W I T C H C R A F T.

[*Concluded from page 130.*]

A Considerable time before the weeks expired, she invited such of her acquaintance as visited her, to come on Friday night, the 23d ult. and see her get the victory over the witch and the devil. Before that night approached, she saw in a vision, a young gentleman who had all the advantages of a liberal education, and whose literary abilities are sufficiently known in the place; yet she had never seen him in person. She had a fore-knowledge, that in his first attempt to pray, he would not have it in his power to ask mercy for her. This really happened; for as soon as he had uttered the first sentence, which consisted solely in adoration, he had not power to speak a word more, but stood perfect-

ly confounded. She immediately cried out, in the midst of the company, that he need not be surpris'd, for she knew beforehand that this was to be the case. Another then attempted to pray, when she cried out, most earnestly, for the love of God, to stop him, for her very soul was tormented. A third attempted, but stopt also. Some time elapsed before any more attempts were made, and some of her friends would have had her bring the gentleman to the bed-side who had attempted to pray first; but she declared that she could not bear the sight of him for fear of her heart failing; yet just before she fell into the third fit, she desired him to make a second attempt to pray, though she doubted he would be rather weak still. This he acknowledged was the case; for it was with the utmost difficulty he could find one expression to subjoin to another. Before she fell into the fourth fit, she said to him, "Now, Sir, be bold, and never mind me, let me cry as I will: but pray to God for mercy for me, and set the devil and all his emissaries at defiance." He then declared that he found no more difficulty in the duty. In the time of his prayer, she thought she saw her tormentor, and cried to her most vehemently, "Thou wicked wretch! thou thinkest to hinder me from hearing the gentleman's prayer; but through grace I defy thee and all the devils in hell, to hinder me from hearing him to the end." She said after, she heard every word of it, though her shrieks were frequently louder than the speaker's voice; and the moment she had uttered the word, *Amen*, she fell into a swoon; and it was observable through all her fits that she still was crying for mercy.

When she recovered from her fourth fit, which was betwixt nine and ten, P. M. though unable to speak, she signified by claps of her hands, how many fits she was to have before her release. In the fourth prayer, she apprehended she saw the devil above the gentleman's head who was praying, and she came leaping towards him, as if to ward the devil off him, and cried out, "Thou devil, stop him if thou dare; through divine

strength I defy thee and all the powers of darkness to stop him now." Betwixt this and her release, her voice changed three different times; sometimes she squalled like a cat; then barked like a dog, and frequently roared like a wild beast: at which time her face was scarcely left in human shape. She told, a considerable time before her release, that she should either die or be delivered precisely at half past twelve, which happened most exactly; for by the time that the naked eye could perceive the second hand of the watch pass the half hour, she arose, seemingly in as good health as any in the room, stood upright in the bed, and with a cheerful countenance said, "Now I have gained the victory, and defy her and all the devils in hell to hurt me any more." She then desired thanks to be returned to Almighty God for her deliverance, which was done: and, in a short time, a smile appeared in every face: a cheerfulness in every aspect. With pleasure I can affirm, that she still continues better, and has felt nothing of her former disorder ever since.

The whole of this narrative can be attested by many persons of the most undoubted veracity; so that however it may be ridiculed by the sceptic, as the fallies of a luxuriant fancy; or by the infidel, as the enthusiasm of a heated imagination, it is, nevertheless, perfectly true.

What is very remarkable, some who formerly denied the existence of witches, were that night fully convinced of their mistake, and I believe still continue so. The author of this narration, who was an eye and ear witness to most of the whole scene, has two reasons for publishing it. The first is, to magnify the power and goodness of Almighty God; his power, in relieving a reasonable creature from insupportable misery, and in curing a disease which far surpassed the skill of human physicians; and his goodness, in extricating a whole family from a state of the utmost distress and confusion. The second is, to prevent the spreading of false reports, which are flying with amazing rapidity.

This is far from being a full description of the matter; because, in fact, neither tongue can express, nor pen describe, what was seen and heard during the time of this extraordinary disease. This is only a candid representation of it, so far as was judged necessary; and yet I question if the annals of history can produce such another.

T. H.

Cannobie, March 31, 1781.



Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.

I Was born in *London*, Sept. 22, 1739. My mother being pregnant with me, heard the first sermon which Mr. *Wesley* preached at the *Foundry*. Soon after, she found peace with God, and walked worthy of the gospel to the day of her death, having been a member of the society upwards of thirty years.

I had the first part of my education at the *Foundry-school*, so that I was early instructed in the principles of religion. But I was no better than if I had not been instructed at all; for God was not in all my thoughts. Between thirteen and fourteen I was put apprentice to a man who had some degree of the fear of God. For about three years he was able to manage me; but afterwards I neither regarded the threatenings of my master, nor the counsels of an affectionate mother, but ran on in my own ways. When my apprenticeship was out, I was for ten years a faithful servant of the devil. But for the last two years, I was very far from being a willing captive; one hour praying against sin, the next falling into it. I could truly say, *The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.*

About July 1770, a person lent me one of Mr. *Wesley's Journals*. I read it with prayers and tears; seeing much beauty in being persecuted for righteousness sake.

Soon after, I read Bishop *Taylor's* Rules for Holy Living and Dying : one passage struck me much : " A true lover of God is more grieved on account of an impure dream, than one who does not love him is, on account of a gross outward sin." And it put me upon praying earnestly, that God would give me this love.

In August following, Mr. *Wesley* coming to town, I went with eagerness to hear him. His text was, *My son give me thy heart.* But he shot over my head ; I understood nothing about it. However I went in the evening to Moorfields, and heard Mr. *Marlin* preach. And there it pleased God to touch my heart. I went directly home greatly affected : so that my wife, though a serious woman, could not imagine what was the matter with me. But these impressions wore off, and I still continued a slave to gaming, my besetting sin. However I continued to hear on Sundays, and was much pleased with what I heard. And after a time, my dear mother, by much persuasion, prevailed upon me to meet in a class. From this time my chains began to fall off. I think, I had not met above three times, before all my outward sins left me, and I shook off all my old companions.

I was now a close attendant on all the means of grace. I clearly saw, that I was a fallen spirit ; and I as clearly saw, that religion was to restore me to that image of God from which I fell. It was now the fear of God took place in my soul. But in this I was greatly mistaken ; I thought myself a good believer ; whereas I was then as ignorant of the nature of faith, as I am now of Greek. Soon after I heard Mr. *Wesley* preach on, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* I listened very attentively, but still could not find out what Faith was.

The same evening I went to Mr. *Maxfield's* chapel. He was preaching upon the same text. He said, " Faith is a divine conviction, that Christ died for *me.*" But I found, I could no more give myself this conviction, than I could make a world. It was now the Holy

Ghost convinced me of sin, because I believed not in Jesus. I went home in deep heaviness, and told my wife, I was an unbeliever, and that if I died as I was, I should go to hell. I was utterly slain by those words, *He that believeth not, shall be damned.* For want of this conviction of unbelief, how many thousands stop short of saving faith?

But though I was so fully convinced of sin, I was so far from being discouraged, that I was all hope, knowing that if all the sins of the world were upon me, the mercies of God infinitely surpassed them all.

About Christmas I went to hear the letters read. One of which gave an account of a wonderful work among the children at *Kingswood*, some of whom were determined, not to eat or sleep till they knew their sins were forgiven. I went home full of the spirit of mourning, and yet big with earnest expectation. The next day my sorrow was so great, that I could do no work: till upon praying with a friend, the cloud began to disperse, and light broke into my soul. But I was determined, not to be satisfied with any thing short of an assurance of pardon. In this situation of mind I went to bed. About two o'clock the next morning, Dec. 30, 1770, I was waked by a full sense of the love of God. The skies poured down righteousness into my soul, and I could boldly say,

“For me, I now believe he dy’d!
He made my ev’ry crime his own.”

I was now happy in God; his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. But about three days after, I was sorely tempted; and a thought striking into my mind, that I was to be a preacher, this put me upon many reasonings, which strengthened the temptation. I believe the thought was from God: yet, for six weeks I was greatly perplexed. However, I never lost, for one moment, the sense of my acceptance. Yea, and I knew the work of the Spirit was going on, and felt the blessedness of enduring temptation.

Being at *Spitalfields* on Sunday, I was greatly strengthened while those words were singing :

“ Ev’n now the Lord doth pour
His blessing from above,
A kindly gracious show’r
Of heart-reviving love :
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.”

My faith was strengthened, my peace flowed as a river, and I had a clearer view of a crucified Saviour. About this time, a hymn-book of Mr. *Charles Wesley’s* fell into my hands, which speaks largely and particularly concerning entire sanctification. I read it with attention, and comparing it with the scripture, a fair prospect opened to my view. At the same time I saw my vast distance from it, in a manner I never did before. And yet I wanted to see it more, and I could not bow my knee, but words to this purpose flowed from my lips,

“ Shew me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin :
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within.”

My prayer was answered : I had a surprizing view of the total sinfulness of my heart. I knew this discovery was from God. I believed it possible to be saved from all sin before death. I believed it possible to be thus saved in a moment : and I believed that moment was near. So that I could cheerfully sing,

“ The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach’d out, I view :
Conqu’ror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.”

In this state of mind I went to *Spitalfields* chapel. Mr. *Wesley’s* text was, *Now is the day of salvation*. He addressed himself chiefly to believers. I found I was one

to whom this word of salvation was sent. An inexpressible hunger and thirst after full salvation took place in my soul. And I thought, surely I shall be filled therewith. But the question is, When? The answer was, If thou canst believe, now is the day of salvation. And I was as clearly convinced of unbelief, as I was before my justification. God told me, his time was now. Unbelief told me, it was not now! O the wickedness of a heart, that is but partly renewed in the image of God!

As I formerly felt, that I only wanted faith in order to be justified, so I now felt, that I only wanted faith in order to be sanctified. But I knew, every one that asketh receiveth. I therefore gave myself to prayer, nothing doubting but God would answer. For two days I prayed continually. I prayed in my shop: I prayed in the street: I prayed rising up: I prayed lying down. The Lord heard and answered me. At the end of two days, it seemed as if my strength failed me, and I could only say, "Lord, I will believe: help thou my unbelief!" I was enabled, to bring the words to the present moment. I felt that faith which bringeth salvation, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. In that moment I was as clearly saved from sin as ever I was justified. And this blessing was bestowed upon me, only eight weeks after the former.

Surely when God gives any blessing, it is his will that we should keep it. But I did not keep this long. I fancied, because I had much love, I had much knowledge, and that therefore few could teach me. I forgot that I had need every moment of the intercession of Christ. And I fixed my own meaning on several texts of scripture, which exposed me to a flood of enthusiasm. This brought on some loving opposition from my brethren, which was not always received in the spirit of meekness. And I sunk lower and lower, till I had no longer any pretence to perfect love. But notwithstanding my great unfaithfulness, God did not wholly withdraw himself from me. I still retained a sense of acceptance, which indeed I have not lost an hour since

I first received it. But yet I sensibly felt, that it is an evil and a bitter thing, to sin against God. My natural tempers again prevailed, and I could not keep myself from idols. I was barely kept from outward sin. And this, I knew, was not by my own strength.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The following Account of Mr. STUDLY, is so full of remarkable Incidents, that it is believed it will be both pleasing and useful to the pious Reader. It is taken from Mr. TURNER'S REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES.

MR. Studly's father was a lawyer in *Kent*, of about 400*l.* a year. He was a great enemy to the power of religion, and a hater of those that were then called *Puritans*. His son, in his youth, seemed to follow the same steps, till the Lord called him home in the following manner. The young man was at *London*, and being drunk one night, as he was going towards his lodgings, fell into a cellar, and in the fall was seized with horror, and thought he fell into hell. It pleased God he took little harm by the fall, but lay there some hours, still thinking he was in hell.

After he was come to himself, and was got home into *Kent*, he betook himself to read and study the scriptures, and to much prayer. At length, his father perceived this; and fearing he would turn *Puritan*, dealt roughly with him, and made him dress his horses, which he humbly and willingly submitted to. When his father perceived he sat up late at night, reading his bible, he denied him candle-light, but being allowed a fire in his chamber, he was wont to lie along and read by the fire-light. While he was dressing his father's horses, and reading by the fire, he had great comforts from the Lord. His father seeing these means ineffec-

tual, resolved to send him to *France*, that by the airiness of that country he might be cured. He went, and being at his own disposal, placed himself in the house of a pious protestant minister; and between them, after they were acquainted, there grew great endearment. He made great progress in speaking the language; and soon after, he had orders to return home. The father intreating it, the landlord, with whom he had sojourned, came into *England* with him, and both were made very welcome at his father's house. But at last the father finding the *French* gentleman and his son at prayers together, paid him what was due to him, and sent him away.

Then his father having an interest in a great lady at *Whitehall*, prevailed with her to take his son for her gentleman. He thought by a court-life to drive away his melancholy (as he called his son's seriousness.) The lady had many servants; some of whom were given to swearing, whom this young gentleman reproved, with that prudence and gravity, that sin fell down before him. And if any of the servants had been ill employed, and had heard him coming, they would say, "Stop! Mr. *Studly* is coming." After a year's time, his father waited upon the lady, to inquire of his son's carriage. She answered, she was glad she had seen his son's face, he had wrought a mighty reformation in her family. She that had formerly been troubled with unruly servants, by his prudent carriage was now as quiet in her house as if she had lived in a private family in the country. At this, the father stormed, "What, will he make *Puritans* in *Whitehall*?" He told the lady that was no place for him, he would take him with him, which, to her trouble, he did.

When he had him at home in *Kent*, as his last refuge, he thought of marrying him; and to that end found out a match, which he thought fit for his ends. He ordered his servant to make ready their horses in the morning, and when they were riding on the way, he bade the man ride before. He then spake to his son to

this purpose: "Son, you have been matter of great grief to me; and having used many means to reclaim you from this way, to no purpose, I have one more remedy in view, with which if you comply, I shall settle my estate upon you, else you shall never enjoy a groat of it; I am riding to such a gentleman's house, to whose daughter I intend to marry you." The son said little, but went with his father, who before had made way there. They were entertained nobly; he had a sight of the young lady, a great beauty, and the young man fell much in love with her. When they had taken their leave, and were on their way home, his father asked him what he thought of her? He answered, "No man living, but must be taken with such a one; but I fear she will not like me." The father bid him take no care for that. The wooing was not long; at three weeks end they came to *London* to buy things for the wedding. The father had charged, that, in the time of wooing in that gentleman's house, there should be no swearing or debauchery, lest his son should be discouraged. Wedding clothes being bought, and the day come, the young couple were married. At the wedding-dinner, at her father's house, the mask was taken off; they fell to drinking and swearing among their cups; and, amongst others, the bride swore an oath. At this the bridegroom, as a man amazed, took occasion to rise from the table, stepped forth, and going to the stable, took a horse, mounted, and rode away, not knowing whither. As he rode along, he bewailed himself as undone, and that deservedly; he had been so in love, and the business so hurried on! He said, he had at that time restrained prayer, and slackened his communion with God, whereas, in that grand affair he should have been doubly serious; and so might thank himself that he was utterly undone. He sometimes thought of riding quite away. At last, being among the woods, he led his horse into a solitary place, tied him to a tree and betook himself to his prayers and tears, in which he spent the afternoon. God had altered

his argument of prayer; which was now for the conversion of his wife. He did not rise from prayer, without good hope of being heard. At the bride-house there was hurry enough; horse and man (after they missed the bridegroom) being sent every way.

In the evening he returned, and inquiring where his bride was, went up to her and found her in her chamber pensive enough. She asked him, "If he had done well, to expose her to scorn and derision all the day?" He entreated her to sit down upon a couch by him, and he would give her an account of what he had done, and tell her the story of his whole life. He went over the story, not without great affection and many tears; the flood-gates of which had been opened in the woods. And ever and anon, "through grace, God did so and so for me." When he had told her his story, she asked him, what he meant by those words, so often used in the relation, "Through grace?" and then asked him, if he thought there was no grace for her, who was so wretched a stranger to God? Yes, my dear, said he, there is grace for thee; That I have been praying for, this day, in the woods. And God hath heard my prayer, and seen my tears, and let us now go together to him about it. Then did they kneel down by the couch-side, and he prayed: and such weeping and supplication there was on both sides, that when they were called down to supper, they had hardly eyes to see with, so swelled were they with weeping. At supper the bride's father (according to his custom) swore. The bride immediately said; "Father, I beseech you swear not." At which the bridegroom's father, in a great rage, rose from table: what (says he) is the devil in him! hath he made his wife a *Puritan* already? and swore bitterly, that he would rather set fire (with his own hands) to the four corners of his new-built house, than ever he should enjoy it. Accordingly he made his will, gave his son (when he should die) ten pounds to cut off his claim; and gave the estate to some others, of whom Dr. *Reeves* was one. Not long after, he died.

Dr. *Reeves* sent for the gentleman, paid him his ten pounds, told him he had been a rebellious son, and disoblged his father, and might thank himself. He received the ten pounds, and meekly departed. His wife (the match was so huddled up) had no portion promised, at least that he knew of, who relied on his father. And she was also deserted by her friends: but having two hundred pounds in her own hands, that had been given her by a grandmother, they took and stocked a farm in *Suffex*. There Mr. *Knight* hath often been, and seen her, who had been highly bred, in her red waist-coat milking her cows. She was now become the great comforter and encourager of her husband. God, said she, hath had mercy on me, and any pains-taking is pleasant to me. There they lived with much comfort, and had the blessing of marriage, divers children.

After three years, he was met on the road, in *Kent*, by one of the tenants of the estate, and saluted by the name of landlord: alas! said he, I am none of your landlord: yes, you are, said he; I know more than you do of the settlement: your father, though a cunning lawyer, with all his wit, could not alienate the estate from you, whom he had made joint-purchaser. Myself, and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money to Dr. *Reeves*: I have sixteen pounds ready for you, which I will pay to your acquittance, and that will serve you to go to law with them. He was amazed at this wonderful providence, received the money, sued for his estate, and, in a term or two, recovered it. His blessed wife, who enjoyed a loving husband, divers fine children, and a plentiful estate; in the midst of these outward blessings, fell into a way of questioning the truth of her grace, because of outward prosperity. This was her sin without doubt, for which Mr. *Knight* rebuked her; but it was a severe rebuke that the Lord gave her for her unthankfulness: a fine boy, about three years old, fell into a kettle of scalding wort, and was taken out by his mother, and died. This she looked on as the Lord's discipline for

her unthankfulness, and was instructed. This relation was sent me (says Mr. *Turner*) by the Rev. M. *Singleton*, now living in *Hoxton-Square*; and he received it from Mr. *Knight*, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. *Studly*.

[The following Account is inserted, not only because it is a remarkable instance of Divine Providence, but because the important Discovery made therein, may be a means of preserving many lives.]

A Narrative of Capt. KENNEDY'S Distress and Deliverance.

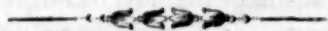
[Written by himself.]

WE sailed from *Jamaica* the 21st of December, 1769, bound for *Whitehaven*. But having met with a hard gale at North, in less than an hour's time, as we were attempting to return back thither, the water overflowed the lower deck, and being thirteen in number, we could scarce get into the yaul, before the vessel sunk. After an unsuccessful attempt of three days, we were obliged to bear away for the bay of *Honduras*. On the 7th day we made *Swan's Island*; but we found no food there, only a little brackish water, and a few wilks. In the evening we embarked again for the Bay, with only six quarts of water. From the 7th to the 14th of our being in the boat, we had neither meat nor drink. When nature was almost exhausted, I soaked my clothes in salt water. And this I did twice a day; and then put them on without wringing. To this I impute the preservation of my own life, and that of six other persons, who must otherwise have perished. The hint was first communicated to me from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. *Lind*.

There is one very remarkable circumstance, which was that we daily made the same quantity of urine, as if we had drank moderately of any liquid. This must be owing to a body of water being absorbed through the pores of the skin. The saline particles remaining in our cloathing, became encrusted by the heat of our bodies and that of the sun, which cut and wounded us at first; but we found, upon washing out the saline particles, and frequently wetting our cloathes without wringing, the skin became well in a short time; and so great advantage did we derive from this practice, that the violent drought went off, the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes, after bathing and washing our clothes; at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment.

Quere. Whether bathing in salt water would not be of infinite service in hot burning fevers, by breaking the too great adhesion of the blood, which is the cause of them?

It is to be remarked, that four persons who died in the boat, drank large quantities of salt water, and died delirious: the other two died on land through fatigue.



An Account of Mrs. JANE MUNCY.

July 31, 1741.

HEARING that one of our sisters (*Jane Muncy*) was ill, I went to see her. She was one of the first women-bands at *Fetter-Lane*: and when the controversy concerning the *means of grace* began, stood in the gap, and contended earnestly for the ordinances once delivered to the saints. When soon after it was ordered, That the unmarried men and women should have no conversation with each other, she again with-

stood, to the face, those who were *teaching for doctrines, the commandments of men*. Nor could all the sophistry of those, who are, without controversy, of all men living the wisest in their generation, induce her either to deny the faith she had received, or to use less plainness of speech, or to be less zealous in recommending, and carefully practising, good works. Inasmuch that many times, when she had been employed in the labour of love till eight or nine in the evening, she then sat down and wrought with her hands till twelve or one in the morning: not that she wanted any thing herself, but that she might have to give to others for necessary uses.

From the time that she was made leader of one or two bands, she was more eminently a pattern to the flock: in self-denial of every kind, in openness of behaviour, in simplicity and godly sincerity, in stedfast faith, in a constant attendance on all the public and all the private ordinances of God. And as she had *laboured* more than they all, so God now called her forth to suffer. She was seized at first with a violent fever; in the beginning of which they removed her to another house. Here she had work to do which she knew not of. The master of the house was one who cared for none of these things. But he observed her and was convinced. So that he then began to understand and lay to heart, the things that bring a man peace at the last.

In a few days the fever abated, or settled, as it seemed, into an inward imposthume; so that she could not breathe without violent pain, which increased day and night. When I came in, she stretched out her hand and said, "Art thou come, thou blessed of the Lord. Praised be the name of my Lord for this." I asked, "Do you faint, now you are chastened of him?" She said, "O no, no, no. I faint not. I murmur not. I rejoice evermore." I said, "But can you in every thing give thanks?" She replied, "Yes, I do, I do." I said, "God will make all your bed in your sickness." She cried out, "He does, he does. I have nothing to

desire. He is ever with me, and I have nothing to do but to praise him."

In the same state of mind, though weaker and weaker in body, she continued till Tuesday following: when several of those who had been in her band being present she fixed her eyes upon them, and fell into a kind of agonizing prayer, That God would keep them from the evil one. But in the afternoon when I came, she was quite calm again, and all her words were prayer and praise. The same spirit she breathed, when Mr. Maxfield called the next day. And soon after he went she slept in peace.—*A mother in Israel hast thou been, and thy works shall praise thee in the gates!*



An extraordinary Instance of the Goodness of Divine Providence to Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, Minister at Walton, upon Thames, ejected by the Bartholomew Act, 1662.

THIS good man, soon after his ejection, crossed the seas, went into Zealand, and settled at Middleburgh, with his wife and five small children. Having no employment, he soon consumed the little money he had carried over with him; owed a year's rent for his house, and was reduced so as to want bread: yet such was his modesty, that he knew not how to make his case known in a strange country. In this condition, after he had been one morning at prayer with his family, his children desired some bread for their breakfast: but having none, nor money to buy any, they all burst into tears. In this case the bell at the door rung; and Mrs. Anderson went, in a mean habit, to see who was there. The person that wrung the bell, asked for the mistress: she answered, that her name was Anderson. Here, says he, a gentleman has sent you this paper,

and will send you some provisions presently. When they had opened the paper, they found forty pieces of gold in it. The messenger went away, without telling his name, or whence he came. Soon after, came a countryman with a horse load of flesh, fish, herbs, and bread, yea, and of all things necessary. Neither did he tell them from whence they came; nor did they know to their dying day who it was. But Mr. *John Quick* (from whose memoirs this account is taken) being, in 1681, pastor of the *English* church at *Middleburgh*, came accidentally to the knowledge of the whole matter. For being at the country-house of *Mijn Heer de Koning*, a magistrate of that city, and happening to mention that story, *M. de Koning* told him that he was the person that carried the gold from *Mijn Heer de Hofte*, a pious merchant of that place, with whom he was then an apprentice. He added, that *Mijn Heer de Hofte*, observing a grave *English* minister walk the streets frequently, with a dejected countenance, inquired privately into his circumstances, and apprehending he might be in want, sent him the gold by *M. de Koning*, and the provisions by his country servant, saying, "God forbid, that any of Christ's Ambassadors should be strangers, and we not visit them; or in distress, and we not assist them!" But he expressly charged both his servants to conceal his name. This relief, besides present provision, enabled Mr. *Anderson* to pay his debts: and he could not help communicating this instance of the great goodness of God, to his friends and acquaintance. This coming to the ears of *M. de Hofte*, he afterwards found a secret way of paying Mr. *Anderson's* rent for him yearly; and conveying to him besides, ten pounds sterling every quarter; which he managed so as that he never could or did know his benefactor. *M. de Koning* kept the whole matter secret, as long as his master lived, but thought himself at liberty to give this account after his death.

Upon the death of Mr. *Spang*, minister of the *English* church at *Middleburgh*, Mr. *Anderson* was unex-

pectedly chosen in his stead. When the messenger came from the church to acquaint him with it, his wife was so overborne with joy at the goodness of God, in providing them a fixed and honorable maintenance, that it threw her into a fever, of which she died. Mr. *Ander-son* in some time grew sickly, and died also in March 1677. The lords of the city became guardians to the five orphans which he left behind him. The famous *Anna Maria Schurman* took one of his daughters, and two other *Dutch* gentlewomen the two others, and became mothers to them. And the unknown benefactor continued his kind offices to them all. *M. de Hofte* took his two sons under his own charge, and by his last will bequeathed a good portion to each of his daughters. He ordered that the eldest son, who was very pious, should be brought up a scholar, and settled upon him sixty pounds per annum sterling, for his education at one of their universities, where he afterwards died of a consumption; and appointed the youngest to be bound apprentice, and when he should be out of his time, to receive sixty pounds sterling to begin the world with. So wonderful a Providence attended this pious confessor, and his children after him.



An ARIAN ANTIDOTE.

ARIAN principles, if true, shut all men out of heaven, by denying the Saviour's divine nature and atonement; seeing *All have sinned, and are guilty before God*, Rom. iii. 19. And a created being—can by no means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, Psal. xlix. 7.

Hebrews i. 6, 8, it is written, *When he (the Father) bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, Let all the angels of God worship him—since, Thy throne,*

O God, is for ever and ever. Hence reason concludes that Christ is essentially God ; or all the angels of God (who disobey not his command) are idolaters.

The oracles of God declare, *All manner of sin and blasphemy* (against the Father and the Son) *shall be forgiven to men ; but blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven.* Hence reason, “infallible reason!” infers, If either is greatest in the adorable Trinity, it is God the Holy Ghost.

But greater or lesser in infinity, is not ; inferior Godhead shocks our sense ; Jesus was *inferior to the Father, as touching his manhood*, John xiv. 28. He was a Son given, and slain, intentionally, from the foundation of the world, Rev. xiii. 8. *And the first-born from the dead, of every creature*, Col. i. 15. 18.

But Our Redeemer from everlasting, Isa. lxiii. 16, had not the inferior name of Son : *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, from eternity, and the Word, made flesh, was God ; and dwelt among us*, John i. 14. x. 30. And as it was in the beginning, so after his ascension, *His name is called, The Word of God*, Rev. xix. 13. *He who is, and who was, and who cometh—He that liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore, saith, I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Lord God Almighty*, Isa. xlv. 6. Rev. i. 5. 8. 18.

Immanuel declares to unbelieving earth ; *There are Three that testify above ; (co-equal Majesty in heaven!) The Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, are One*, 1 John v. 7. 10.

Letters.

LETTER XII.

[Extract of a letter to Mr. T. H. of Philadelphia, from his friend in England.]

Sheffield, 30th November, 1796.

My dear sir,

I HAVE to acknowledge the receipt of your agreeable favour of the 6th September; it gave me real pleasure to learn by it, that you and family continued in health and peace of body and mind, and that you remembered me at the throne of grace: Continue to do so, for God does answer the petitions of his servants; and I doubt not but I have received many blessings in answer to the prayers of the faithful.

This town has been remarkably visited by an outpouring of the Spirit of God, to convince, convert, and sanctify. The second day after my arrival here, I was at a love-feast: such a one as the like I never before witnessed—The chapel was full of nearly all converted and many sanctified souls. The seats and aisles were all crowded before the time; and very many could not get in, but were obliged to return. This chapel holds upwards of three thousand, and was so filled from Sheffield and the neighbouring societies within five or six miles round. No time was lost; but very many were so full of divine love, that they could not contain! In many other places also God has gloriously revived his work; and this island is still wonderfully favoured, notwithstanding outward troubles, which indeed are very little to what is generally supposed.

I have cause to bless God for bringing me here at this time. I believe it will be made a great blessing to my soul; and indeed I never wanted it more. Thank God, I do feel that he is love!

A a

I thank you for mentioning ———; and shall be obliged by your taking notice of him in a religious way. I doubt not but the Spirit has strove with him, and I believe his mind is tender; but the world is deceitful, and worldly company ensnaring to young minds—And alas! what is all that this earth can give, without inward religion—righteousness, and peace?

May the Lord Jesus abundantly bless you and yours, and exceedingly bless your labours in his vineyard.—'Tis a glorious and an honorable work to call sinners to repentance, and point them to the Lamb of God. I hear but little of politics, and have little concern about them: God will bring about his own purposes, and even the designs of wicked men shall be over-ruled for good. I trust a way is preparing for the spread of the everlasting gospel.

I pray for the prosperity of Zion in your city—may Philadelphia indeed become a city eminent for peace! Shall be obliged by your communication: it will please me to hear how you are going on in all respects. I hope prosperity will not prove the ruin of any; but that the blessings of God may lead to him, their source.

I am, very sincerely,

Your friend, and obedient servant,

G. S.

LETTER XIII.

[From Miss B. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Feb. 1761.

Rev. Sir,

I Have just received yours, for which I thank you. But alas! how apt are we to mistake in judging of others? You imagine *saying* and *doing*, are with me the same thing: but indeed they are not. For though,

bleſſed be God, I have much light in many things, I have ſtill very little power. O how wide is the difference, between an outward and an inward chriſtian! I now know, I may be outwardly devoted, and given up to the work of God, and yet, whenever Jeſus draws near to bleſs me, never be found at home: never liſt- ening to the ſtill, ſmall voice, by which alone true wiſdom can be learnt. But I am not circumſpect in outward things: indeed I am not. I am very negligent in denying myſelf and taking up my croſs. Any thing that would help me in the practice of this, would do me much ſervice. Never was my ſoul in more danger than now; and I feel the want of inward holineſs more than ever. It is a very dangerous precipice, to be bleſt to the ſouls of others, and needs the whole omnipotence of God, to ſave us from being deſtroyed thereby. For I often find a work of mercy, nay, a means of grace, ſtand between my ſoul and Chriſt. I have toiled till my body was almoſt laid up, when all the time it would have been more pleaſing to God, had I been hewing wood or drawing water, with my ſoul evenly carried out after him. O fir, holineſs, holineſs is the thing we want; to have Jeſus our all in all! Till this is effected, whenever I point another to the Lamb of God, ſomething in myſelf cries, “Behold me! behold me!” And I feel the weight of thoſe words,

“Yea, though by faith vaſt hills I could remove,
Yet *all* is nothing without perfect love.”

And why ſhould this be delayed any longer? What amazing answers to many prayers, have both you and I received, with regard to outward things? And will not the ſame love more abundantly conſtrain him to bleſs us in our ſouls?—Surely this is an acceptable time! Yet the devil continually ſtrives to diſcourage me, and ſuggeſts, “God will not do for *thee* as he has done for others.” But I *will* truſt him: and I *do believe*, if from this time we fix our eye ſteadily on the prize of

our high calling, the Lord will shortly bring it into our hearts. The Lord's ear is not heavy, nor his hand shortened that it cannot save. O that we may now pierce heaven with our cries, and never cease till we see his full salvation! May the Lord renew your strength, and fill your soul with love!

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R XIV.

[From Mrs. W. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

April 18, 1761.

Dear Sir,

THE Lord has indeed done great things for me and my house: glory be to his name. And blessed be the day I was born, and made free with the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

I dare not number the souls that have been blest under the prayers of such a wretch as I am, nor under my favoured roof. We shall know them in their white robes, when we sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. O what a joyful song! What a rapturous meeting!

Many will not believe what the Lord has done. O bear me upon your heart at the throne of grace, that I may so walk as to prove the work divine! I tremble now and then; but the Lord is my strength, and will compleat in heaven what he has begun upon earth.

Strangers continually come and desire me to pray with them: which I do after I am convinced they are serious. In less than fifteen minutes the Lord justified three, who all rejoiced with loud cries of deliverance. Two more received pardon three days after. Scarce a day passes without such fresh instances of the goodness of our God, so that we stand and gaze upon each other

with tears starting in our eyes, and with praises that our mouths cannot utter. How has my redeemer brought me from the brink of hell, to a land flowing with milk and honey?

Yet though I find joy and peace in believing, the out-works of the soul are sorely assaulted at times. But the Lord is the watchman who neither slumbers nor sleeps, and all I have is in his hands. My joy is always heightened at the assurance of seeing my Saviour's servant, receiving the gracious salutation of, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Then shall follow, (after many others) my two maids, my son and daughter, together with your dutiful and affectionate servant,

M. W.

L E T T E R X V .

[From the same.]

April 23, 1761.

Dear Sir,

ON the Wednesday that Jenny went to town, Mr. Guilford and some others came to see me. He asked, If I thought the Lord was ready to bless me? I told him, "I know he is waiting for me," and then desired we might go to prayer directly. I found power to throw my whole soul upon the Lord. And he supported me, and brought me through Jordan. The same day my maid Betty, and another in my house found remission of sins.

Jenny returned the next evening, and the Lord blessed my prayer for her. She was quite disburdened of her wisdom, and became a fool for Christ's sake. My maid Betty, not hearing me pray so earnestly for her, as I did for the other, began praying the more earnestly for herself: and the Lord gave her the blessing. Then

were our mouths, filled with laughter, and our souls with love and praise.

The next morning it came strongly to my mind, that the Lord would hear my prayer for my children. I kneeled down and asked. He heard and answered. The girl felt her sins forgiven. Afterwards she cried out "Now, Lord, give me a clean heart : bring *me* also through Jordan." The Lord heard : she soon praised him for deliverance from sin, and is still stedfast in the faith.

My son quickly after came from town : and the Lord justified him freely. I sent for one who had been seeking God twenty years : and the Lord justified him also. The succeeding days were blest to many souls : and to mine in particular. Hearing of the blessing given to others, of having their mind continually staid on God, I cried mightily to him for it : and for Christ's sake it was given me. This mercy confirmed the other. I find I am a worm, and Jesus is all in all. Pray that the Lord would keep me low at his feet, and make me useful to his people. I think he will soon ripen me and take me home, and I do long to see him face to face : yet I dare not wish for this or any thing, but that his perfect will be done.

I am yours, &c.

M. W.

Poetry.

On TRINITY SUNDAY.

[By Dr. Byron.]

CO-EQUAL *Trinity* was always taught,
By the Divines most fam'd for pious thought ;
The men of learning fill'd, indeed, the page,
With dissonant disputes from age to age :

But with themselves, so far as we can read,
About their schemes they never were agreed,
When they oppos'd, by reason or by wrath,
This grand foundation of the christian-faith.

For what more fundamental point, or grand,
Than our ascending Saviour's own command?
"Go, and baptize all nations in the name"——
Of whom, or what? (For thence the surest aim
Of christian-doctrine must appear the most)
The name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Our Lord's interpretation here we see,
Of—"Thou shalt have no other gods but me."

For can the phrase, so highly sacred, show
The name of God to be omitted? No;
By its essential Trinity express'd,
It show'd what faith *Christ* will'd to be profess'd,
One God the *Jews* had own'd, and one supreme,
With others lower, was the *Pagan* theme;
How one was three, and how supreme profan'd,
Our Lord's *baptismal* ordinance explain'd.

The one divinity of Father, Son
And Spirit, teaches christian-thought to shun
Both *Pagan* and *Rabbinical* mistake,
And understand what holy prophets spake;
Or in the ancient writings, or the new,
To which this doctrine is the sacred clue;
That so conducts us to the saving plan,
Of true religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's divinity deny'd,
The Father's must, of course, be set aside;
Or be a dark one——How can it be bright,
But by its own eternal, inborn light?
The glory of the Father, is the Son,
Of all his pow'rs begotten, or begun,
From all eternity: take Son away,
And what the Father can delight in, say.

The Love paternally divine, implies
 Its proper object, whence it must arise;
 That is, the Son; and so the filial too
 Implies paternal Origin in view;
 And hence the third, distinctly glorious tie
 Of Love, which both are animated by:
 All is one God, but He contains divine,
 Living relations, evidently *Trine*.

So far from hurting *Unity*, that hence
 The fulness rises of its perfect sense;
 And ev'ry barren, spiritless dispute,
 Against its truth, is pluck'd up by the root:
 The faith is solid to repose upon,
 Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;
 By whom mankind, of three-fold life possess,
 Can live, and move, and have its being blest.

Not by *Three* Gods; or One supremely great,
 With two *Inferiors*; or the wild conceit,
 God, *Michael*, *Gabriel*; or ought else devis'd,
 For we are in no *creature's* name baptiz'd;
 But of the whole, inseparably Three,
 Whose fertile oneness causes all to be;
 And makes a heav'n through nature's ample round,
 By its paternal, filial spirit crown'd.

WISE EPICURISM.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day:
 Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries:
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lord, in my views may both united be,
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.